I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
*I*n sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?
*I*f not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects.
Yet that by on depoſde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, do not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what makſt thou in my ſight?

Q. M. But repetition of what thou haſt mard,
That will *I* make, before *I* let thee goe:
A husband and a ſonne thou oweſt to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleageance:
*T*he ſorrow that *I* haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleaſures you vſurpe, is mine.

Glo: The curſe my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didſt crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy ſcorne drewſt riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'ſt the Duke a clout,
Steept in the blood of prettie Rutland:
*H*is curſes then from bitterneſſe of ſoule,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plaugde thy bloodie deede.

Qu. So iuſt is God to right the innocent.

Haſt. O twas the foulеſt deed to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe that euer was heard of.

Ri. *T*yrants themſelues wept when it was reported.

Dorſ. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.

Buc. Northumberland then preſent, wept to ſee it.

Q. Mar. *W*hat? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curſe preuaile ſo much with heauen,
*T*hat *H*enries death, my louely Edwards death,
*T*heir kingdomes loſſe, my wofull baniſhment,
Could all but anſwere for that peeuiſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
*W*Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curſes:
If not by warre, by ſurfet die your king:
As out by murder, to make him a king.

Edward thy ſonne, which now is
For Edward my ſon, which was
Die in his youth, by like vntimel
*T*hy ſelfe a Queene, for me that v
Out liue thy glorie, like my wre
Long maiſt thou liue to waile thy
And ſee another, as I ſee thee no
*D*eckt in thy glorie, as thou art ſt
Long die thy happie daies befor
And after many lengthened hour
*D*ie neither mother, wife, nor En
Riuers and Dorſet, you were ſtar
And ſo was thou Lo. Haſtings, v
Was ſtabd with bloody daggers,
*T*hat none of you may liue your n
But by ſome vnlookt accident cut

Glo. Haue done thy charme th

Q. M. And leaue out thee? ſtay d
*I*f heauen haue any greeuous plag
Exceeding thoſe that *I* can wiſh
O let them keepe it till thy ſinnes
And then hurle downe their indig
On thee the trubler of the poore
*T*he worme of conſcience ſtill beg
*T*hy friends ſuſpect for traytors w
And take deepe traytors forth, de
No ſleepe cloſe vp that deadly ey
Vnleſſe it be whileſt ſome tormen
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly
*T*hou eluiſh markt, abortiue rooti
Thou that waſt ſeald in thy natiu
*T*he ſlaue of nature, and the ſonne
*T*hou ſlaunder of thy mothers hea
*T*hou loathed iſſue of thy fathers
*T*hou rag of honour, thou deteſted

Glo. Margaret.

Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.

Qu. M. *I* call thee not.

Glo. Then I crie thee mercie: for